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Natley Abbey.

Gunnel. D'ye spy these colours, my tight one? We've taken a frigate!

Act I. Scene 2.

NETLEY ABBEY:

AN OPERATIC FARCE,

In Two Acts,

BY WILLIAM PEARCE,

Author of Hartford Bridge.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,
DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

From a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK .

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

REMARKS.

Netley Abbey.

ONE of the greatest pleasures of the intellectual mind is to escape from the present to the past. The contemplation of *antiquity* is replete with melancholy interest. The eye wanders with delight o'er the crumbling relics of ancient magnificence; the heart is touched with some sublime association; and we ask which is the most worthy—the superstition that raised these holy temples, or the piety that suffers them to fall to decay?

“ How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight;—the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart!”

One of the finest Gothic ruins in this country is Netley Abbey, which stands embosomed in a rich vale, the Southampton river flowing a short distance from its base. Its magnificent roof has long since fallen in; the chief object of attraction *now* is the east window, which is sufficiently entire to show its exquisite lightness and beautiful proportions. Moss and ivy in green luxuriance clothe those sacred walls that once echoed the choral hymn; and the wind whistles mournfully through those hollow cells,

“ Where saints that former ages blest,
Within their earthly caverns rest
In everlasting sleep.”

Here did the devotees of ancient days perform their pious orgies, or rather (say the heroes of the reformed religion) slumber away their luxurious lives; as if, in the present, there were no fat pluralists, or rosy deans, to whom indolence and luxury are the lightest charges that can be laid. To this secluded spot we have made many a delightful pilgrimage; and, in the silent contemplation of the impressive scene—amidst the everlasting freshness of nature and the ruins of time, we have been taught more rightly to estimate the works of

man and his Creator. The one, like himself, stately in pride and beauty, but which pass away as a shadow, and are seen no more; the other, the type of his divinity—infinite, immutable, and eternal!

Not the least gratifying part of our duty is to rescue from neglect the works of genius; to appeal to the public in their behalf, and give them a chance of again becoming popular. Among the many meritorious dramas that claim our attention is *Netley Abbey*.—The plot is extremely simple, but the characters and dialogue are worked up with considerable effect and point. There is one Mr Oakland, a fanciful projector, who opens vistas by cutting down trees,

("The rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to *trees*!")

and razes cottages to build ruins, all for the sake of improvement!—His passion for the picturesque is unrestrained by justice or humanity: if a house stand in his way, down it must come, no matter if the widow and orphan have not a roof to shelter them. By a fortunate contradiction, one of the very ladies he would eject has touched the heart of his son, a naval captain, whom no arguments can persuade to relinquish his love; and his generosity finds reward in the unexpected restitution of wealth, of which that lady had been unjustly deprived. We have a blundering Irishman, Phenagon M'Scrape, a musical barber, who alternately shaves and fiddles—cuts a caper and the chins of his customers.—There is no idleness when Phenagon is present—he keeps every body moving: the postilion dances a hornpipe on a wooden trencher to the sound of his Cremona; and the whole family, men and maids, jig it all night long, to make a day of it. He delights in a mug of mum, with a toast sugared over with a little nutmeg; and for ale, when there is nothing else to be got, he always gives it the preference.—Gunnel, the coxswain, is one of the best sea-characters on the stage. His description of the engagement with an enemy's cruiser is admirably technical and true. The astonishment of Mr. Oakland at the volley of nautical phrases that rattles in his ears; the ludicrous impatience of M'Scrape—"Get on, my hearty!" his occasional interpretation of the odd terms; his version of the story; and the climax, viz. running the gib-boom into a musquito's eye, for a wager of three glasses of whisky!—are irresistibly comic. Of Mr. Fawcett's animated and characteristic performance of Gunnel, the author has spoken in terms of praise;—and justly; for the enthusiasm of the actor was communicated to the audience, who never heard this spirit-stirring narrative without a burst of applause.

Netley Abbey contains some patriotic allusions to our wooden walls. Any reference to that glorious *three-decker*—England, Ireland, and Scotland, is at all times gratifying to our national feeling; and the very name of a Jack Tar is a signal for a round. Your sailor is a sharp blade if kept whetted with good diet, but bad usage makes

him as dull as an old razor. He troubles not his head with old or new styles, but measures his span of life by the moon, and wonders at the simplicity of *Moore*, that stints our years only to twelve months. His first labour in the morning is to haul open his eye-lids, and it costs him many a rub before he can make his top-lights to shine clearly. After a few hearty yawns, he crawls upon deck, and, gaping aloft at the vane, if he finds it blow fair, he furls his brows, and curses its inconstancy; for there's no voyage to him like riding at anchor wind-bound. He loves short voyages and short prayers; can no more sleep in sheets than in a horse-pond;—put him into a feather-bed, he shall fancy he is sinking straight; but sling him up in a hammock, and he shall lie as snug as Mahomet hanging betwixt two loadstones. If he is troubled with dreams, 'tis when he is reduced to short allowance; nothing makes him droop like an empty bottle; as long as there is anything in it, he sticks as close by it as does the magnet to cold iron. He is one of the greatest prisoners and rambles in Christendom; there is not a corner of the world but he visits; and yet, poor slave! he rarely takes a step beyond the sight of his old habitation;—but when he does get ashore, he pays it off with a vengeance; for, knowing his time to be short, he crowds much into little, and lives as fast as possible. He loves his honour like roast-beef, and is ready to spill his blood upon any occasion. His hands are seldom his own when he's tipsy, and yet they become his bosom friends when he's sober; for he generally carries them within his breast or his pockets; not so much to keep his heart or his money close, but out of pure moral principle of not exposing his best friends, they being the only two he has to trust to. His thoughts reach not above the topmast-head, and he pretends not to penetrate beyond his eyesight. He's as yare at the hand lead in shoal waters, as a weaver at his shuttle; and for yard-arm, whip-staff, or stowing an anchor, he's the lad in all weathers. In fine, take him the plain, blunt, sea-animal that he is, in his tar jacket and trousers, and he shall prove of more intrinsic value to the nation, than the most fluttering beau in it.

For this well-written and amusing farce the public are indebted to Mr. Pearce, author of *Hartford Bridge* and *The Midnight Wanderers*.



D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Theatres Royal, London.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>
<i>Oakland</i>	Mr. Munden.	Mr. Emery.
<i>Captain Oakland</i> ..	Mr. Incledon.	Mr. Incledon.
<i>M^cScrape</i>	Mr. Johnstone.	Mr. Rock.
<i>Gunnel</i>	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Fawcett.
<i>Jeffery</i>	Mr. Blanchard.	Mr. Simmons.
<i>Mr. Stirling</i>	Mr. Powell.	Mr. Abbot.
<i>Rapine</i>	Mr. Rees.	
<i>Coxswain</i>	Mr. Linton.	
<i>Ellen Woodbine</i> ...	Mrs. Mountain.	Mrs. Atkins.
<i>Lucy Oakland</i>	Miss Hopkins.	Mrs. Beverley.
<i>Catherine</i>	Mrs. Martyr.	Mrs. Martyr.

Costume.

OAKLAND.—Old man's suit of morone, with gilt buttons—white cravat—shoes and buckles—brown George wig.

CAPTAIN OAKLAND.—Full uniform of a captain of the royal navy.

M^cSCRAPE.—Striped jacket—buff waistcoat—green kerseymere breeches—striped stockings—shoes and buckles—apron.

GUNNEL.—A boatswain's suit, with pea jacket.

JEFFERY.—Brown livery.

MR. STERLING.—Full suit of black.

RAPINE.—Old man's gray suit—lamb's-wool stockings—shoes and buckles.

COXSWAIN.—Blue jacket and trousers—glazed hat.

ELLEN WOODBINE.—Canary-coloured silk dress—hat and feathers.

LUCY OAKLAND.—Blue silk, trimmed with white thread lace, or blond.

CATHERINE.—*First dress*: Spriged muslin gown—white cap and neckerchief—slip—apron. *Second dress*: Blue jacket and waistcoat—white trousers—sailor's straw hat.

NETLEY ABBEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Oakland's House—a door, C. F.—table and chairs.*

OAKLAND and LUCY discovered seated.

Lucy. Dear sir, in that case, all the country about us will appear desolate. I shall really fancy myself to be "Zelinda in the Desert."

Oak. I know it will seem desolate; but you must be sensible 'tis done by way of improvement. How else can I open the vista, to command a fuller view of Netley Abbey?

Lucy. And is the sweet embowered cottage belonging to Mrs. Woodbine, where I used to read the "Dear Recess," indeed to come down?

Oak. Yes, it is; so you must find some other nook to be miserable in. But what can Ellen Woodbine have to say to me?

Lucy. Surely, as your god-daughter, she may claim an interview! Yet, in respect to the little mansion——

Oak. 'Tis needless to trouble yourself; that must come down.

Lucy. How mortifying!

Oak. How else are the improvements to go on? All to the westward must immediately be cleared; and by the fall of the leaf, I hope not a tree will be left standing.

Lucy. Cruel as the office is, I must prepare Miss Woodbine for this event; the information may else come with a severity she cannot sustain. [Exit, L.]

Oak. That girl gathers all her absurd notions from silly romances; and while I go on improving, she, as if in direct opposition, goes on reading. But where can Jeffery be?—Let me ring again. [Ringing the bell.] And yet the rascal minds it no more than though it was the church-bell going for prayers. [Looking off, L.] Ha! here the varlet comes.

Enter JEFFERY, D. F.

Jef. I was making all the haste I could ; Master M'Scrape was only teaching us the figure of a new dance ; and Catherine and I was casting off, but there was no getting little Sam to right and left.

Oak. I'll right and left you with a vengeance ! What ! M'Scrape is here, is he ?

Jef. Yes ; he brought some letters for your worship, but as he had got his fiddle with him, we thought the letters were of no consequence, and so——

Oak. No consequence, hey ? Be so good, Mr. Scoundrel, to show him in.

Jef. Yes, your honour. [*Going to the door, and calling.*] Master M'Scrape, you may come in.

Oak. I wonder the fellow does not attend to his business, instead of fiddling about, and setting his neighbours as mad as himself.

Jef. [*In a reverie.*] Two couple down, and then set, and back again. [*Dances.*]

Enter M'SCRAPE, D. F., *playing on a fiddle.*

M'Scrape. [*To Jeffrey.*] A little quicker—quicker still, my dear fellow !

Jef. Now cross hands.

Oak. Yes, and I'll cross shoulders, if my cane can reach you, Mr. Rascal !

Jef. Wounds ! a body can never have no pastime.

[*Exit*, D. F.]

Oak. That same fiddle of yours, M'Scrape, occasions my fellows to be very idle.

M'Scrape. Oh, the devil ! the fiddle don't make them idle ; for I never touch a string of it, but it sets everybody moving wherever I come.

Oak. Ay, rat them ! they'll be in motion then, and at their meals, though they stand still all the year besides.

M'Scrape. Lord, and isn't it as natural as the light ?—To be sure, they haven't at all times been over glad to have Phenagon M'Scrape close upon their heels.

SONG.—M'SCRAPE.

At the wake, at the fair, at the harvest-home meeting,
To have M'Scrape among them, good lord, what entreating !
When they saw me, the women were all in a giggle,
And hardly stood still for the tuning the fiddle.

How madly they'd foot it to brisk "Andrew Keary,"
And at "Shelen-a-gig," oh! they'd make my arm weary!

What amorous looks have I seen folks exchanging,
While engag'd in the figure, the rogues would be twangling!
To give them a hint that I guess'd at their dances,
And to suit to their wishes the tunes of the dances,
I've known "Roger de Coverly" turn them quite crazy!
And they'd call for a cup, when I've play'd — *Mrs. Carey.*

Towards morn, when returning, each step was a slip;
Oddratit! no pity had they on the scaper.
The girls out of bed, as we tripp'd along, kept up
To peep at the frolic their neighbours so kept up!
And I, in return for their glances returning,
Play'd "Petticoat-Loose," while the ladies were dressing.

Oak. Ah! you are a frolicsome dog. When you came
to "Petticoat-Loose," I felt my blood grow young again,
I confess. But where are my letters, and the reviews?

M'Scrape. Oh, here. [*Handing them.*] The newspapers
are not come—a long debate, I dare say.

Oak. Like enough; for, in that case, the morning papers
always, like the speakers, adjourn their appearance till
midnight. [*Reads a letter.*]

M'Scrape. [*Peeping over his shoulder.*] Myself heard
the same thing. Oh, there are great alarms, sure enough!

Oak. Hoity toity! What's here to do? *M'Scrape,*
you mustn't be so curious.

M'Scrape. Bless you, my dear! I never should have
thought of peeping, if private hadn't been writ at the corner
of the letter. And is it believed the French mane to land?

Oak. No, *Scrape*, not in our part of the country. The
English flag triumphs in the Channel, and I feel a little
proud that my son Harry has something to do in the bustle.

M'Scrape. Ah, myself set both his razors the morning
he went off. I dare say, by this time, they cut like saws.

Oak. Aye, aye; our true security is our fleet; and when
an Englishman resorts to his ship, 'tis like putting on his
armour.

M'Scrape. And a pretty tough armour it is, beyond all
dispute! A man need not be afraid of his sides, when he's
cased in ribs of oak!

Oak. Indeed it may be said, England is itself a sort of
man-of-war—a three-decker.

M'Scrape. And as she takes care to keep sea-room

enough to herself, she must whether out every bit of a breeze. And, stop! Ireland is a sort of a stout frigate, cruising by her side!

Oak. You are right; so she is. What have we here?

[*Reads another letter.*]

M'Scrape. [*Peeping over his shoulder.*] Pay-m-e-n-t-ment, payment. Why, your worship, Master Rapine sames in a bit of a hurry about his money.

Oak. Hey day! Zounds and fury! M'Scrape, you are a devilish impudent fellow, and ought to have your bones broken, for thus prying——

M'Scrape. Oh, by the powers! your worship, that's the very letter I am to carry an answer to; and that being the case, you know, I ought to understand something of the subject.

Oak. Rapine is a strange man. I have scarcely concluded with him for the purchase of the little freehold, to improve my grounds, and he already wants to be paid.

M'Scrape. Oh, the unreasonable nagar! it's enough to insist on poor men paying their debts. If rich ones arn't to be trusted, who the devil are?

Oak. Right; he can't be paid yet. I must be a little the worse for it, while I go on improving. Very great expense has been incurred in digging for a spring at the Naiad's Bath.

M'Scrape. But the devil a drop of water have they been able to discover there, except what has been brought in buckets; so that the poor Naiad, at this moment, is not wet up to the instep.

Oak. Let him look at the Greek edifice where the rookery stood; and, in the place of the dove-house, have I not built the ruins of a nunnery?

M'Scrape. To be sure you have; and it must cost your worship a great deal to keep those ruins in a continual state of decay.

Oak. No doubt; and then the other new work—the mausoleum.

M'Scrape. The mausoleum! Oh, I have seen it; that's the place you are to live in after you are dead; it makes a comfortable snug companion to the ice-house.

Oak. Goodness me! you make quite a chill creep over me, by talking thus! Yes, they are both pretty well sheltered from the sun.

M'Scrape. Old Rapine, then, your honour, must wait?

Oak. To be sure he must: I make everybody wait; and there must not be a difference on his account.

M'Scrape. I vow, owing to the bustle he was in when I saw him, I've been in a tremble all the morning. I have only shaved three of my customers, and cut every mother's son of them. [*Strapping his razor.*] Will your worship please to be dressed?

Oak. No; the devil take me if I'll make the fourth!

[*Exit, L.*

M'Scrape. You won't? Then I'll go take the rector in hand; 'tis about his time.

[*Going.*

Enter JEFFERY, peeping, C. D. F.

Jef. Zooks! never mind the rector!

M'Scrape. Oh, bother! I tell you I must. I'll just step, however, to the pantry for a cup of drink, to keep my hand steady.

Jef. Do so; for Jonathan, the postilion, says, if you'll play "Bobby Aldridge," he'll dance a hornpipe on a wooden trencher.

M'Scrape. Oh, the young whelp! I can't stop now.—Arn't I to be here in the evening, you know? And we'll jig all night long, and make a day of it.

Enter CATHERINE, running, C. D. F.

Cat. By jingo, so we will!

M'Scrape. Ah! here comes one that, at all times, puts my spirits in tune, and sets my heart capering.

Jef. Well, I'll go and get a jug of ale ready.

Cat. Do so, Jeffery.

M'Scrape. And put a toast in it, suggared over with a little nutmeg. I like a drink of ale well enough, and when there is nothing else to be got, I always give it the preference.

Jef. I will, I will!

[*Exit, C. D. F.*

Cat. I'm afraid I can't promise my company next Monday at the ship-lunch.

M'Scrape. Oh, the devil! Everything will be arranged then.

DUET.—*M'SCRAPE and CATHERINE.*

M'Scrape. Half the pleasures of the day
Will be lost, if you're away;

Cat. Well, well, then I'll come;
Near the cherry-orchard wait.

M'Scrape. I'll be there as sure as fate.

Bulk. Mum, mum, mum, mum!

M'Scrape. Through the moon-bright fields at night

Cat. We'll return with spirits light.

- M' Scrape.* Will we not, dear Huz ?
Cat. And we'll steal from all the rest,
Both. Sing and kiss, and toy and jest.
 Buz, buz, buz, buz, buz !
Cat. Be sure you come.
M' Scrape. Mum, mum, mum, mum !
 Pretty Huz !
Both. Buz, buz, buz, buz ! [Exeunt, c. d. f.]

SCENE II.—*The Coast.*

Enter ELLEN WOODBINE and LUCY OAKLAND, L. U. E.

Lucy. I am fully aware of the mistaken confidence your worthy father placed in Mr. Rapine, and how much your estate suffered by his pretended improvements.

Ellen. To be conclusive, I must observe, that the conduct of his treacherous agent was evidently altered, soon after the fatal night when our family mansion was destroyed by fire.

Lucy. I have heard as much.

Ellen. We were at the Isle of Wight when the calamity befel us ; we thence beheld the flames, but little expected to find, when we returned, our dwelling in ashes.

Lucy. It was said at the time, that lightning was the cause.

Ellen. Of that we still have doubts. What escaped the ravage of the fire, the hand of plunder seized upon ; but our severest loss consisted in the writings, by which our property was guarded.

Lucy. While you talk thus, the imaginary distresses with which I sometimes tease myself depart like vapour.

Ellen. The sums we occasionally received from Rapine, as payments due to our estate, were suddenly charged against us as a loan ; and my mother's diminished income is a proof of his rapacity.

Lucy. Oh, my dear Ellen ! what shall I do to prove that, though fortune has deserted you, my attachment is steady ?

Ellen. The little we have left must serve us ; there are examples in the world to sober down to moderation all the proud thoughts of vanity.

SONG.—ELLEN.

Stripp'd of fortune's gay profusion,
 Sober firmness nerves my heart ;
 That at best is but illusion,
 Which can like a dream depart.

Shall the summer friends, caressing,
When 'tis miss'd, a sorrow cost?
Or that wealth be deem'd a blessing,
Which is in a moment lost?

Lucy. But here comes my father.

Enter OAKLAND, R.

Oak. Well, Miss Ellen? Lucy, M'Scrape is waiting to carry some of your nonsensical books back to the library.

Lucy. [To *Ellen*.] Pray, my dear, let me see you before you depart. [Exit, R.]

Oak. So, Ellen, I guess the cause of your visit: you come on account of the little mansion?

Ellen. That, sir, forms a part of my business; for my mother is not well enough to attend you.

Oak. I should be loath to do anything unpleasant; but having purchased from Mr. Rapine that part of your family domain, which he compelled your mother to give up, it is my purpose to——

Ellen. I beg pardon—we understand your intentions, and, distressing as it may be, are preparing to take our departure.

Oak. I'm a little anxious to have you gone, no doubt; because I want to clear the country every way: the clump of trees——

Ellen. I have another subject to offer to your attention, which more seriously regards your happiness.

Oak. Hey! what?

Ellen. It may, perhaps, occasion surprise, when I relate that I have recently experienced very uncommon proofs of Captain Oakland's esteem.

Oak. From my son? But that's not at all extraordinary: a fine girl will always strike the eye of a tar.

Ellen. That familiar regard which early intimacy created, has, I fear, dawned into attachment.

Oak. Attachment!—Rather odd, this; for ever since your father's death, the families, you know, have been as distant as possible. I even removed our pew further;—but go on.

Ellen. I should be sorry to attribute too strong a bias to Captain Oakland's attentions; but, as I wish to be guarded——

Oak. You do right, my dear; young women can't be too cautious. [Aside.] What a d—d dog!

Ellen. I say, sir, as I wish to be guarded, I would rather

become chargeable on the score of vanity, than neglect those means that may lead to repress Captain Oakland's advances.

Oak. Oh ! a cursed knave, not to be able to resist the twinkling of an eye !

Ellen. My apprehensions dictated the mischiefs to which he might be liable ; and so much do I feel indebted to his generous nature, that it is from a principle of gratitude I make this discovery. [Exit, L.]

Oak. What am I to make of all this ? Pooh ! I dare say the whole of it is chimerical. By her "dawning of attachment," "generous nature," and the devil knows what, it is evident the silly girl has been cramming her head with stuff out of romances ! [Exit, R.]

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLAND, L. U. E.

Capt. O. My father, I perceive, is rather agitated ; and I must suspend paying my respects to him, till his spirits are calmer.—Ha ! M'Scrape !

Enter M'SCRAPE, L.

M'Scrape. Oh, your honour, I am glad to see you !—Sure enough, I heard a frigate from the westward had come through the Needles.

Capt. O. Now, M'Scrape, tell me ; how is my dear Ellen Woodbine ? For till I have seen her, I must suspend my duty, even to my good father.

M'Scrape. Indeed, the world is not grown a whit kinder since you were last among us.

Capt. O. Mrs. Woodbine, I judge, still lives at the manor lodge.

M'Scrape. Yes, she does ; and poor Miss Ellen is as much beloved by all the tenants of the domain as ever.

Capt. O. And yet, Scrape, it is now no longer in her power to obtain for them the occasional remission of a quarter's rent, to soften the rigours of a hard winter.

M'Scrape. Oh, tut, no ; now the estate is put into the trust of such a d—d rogue as Rapine, the devil of any good can come out of it, except harm. Myself will seek out for Miss Ellen, and whisper to her that you are arrived.

[Exit, L.]

Capt. O. Oh, Ellen ! those virtues which are inseparable from your nature, will ever be your support. In many a tempest have I felt their sustaining power.

SONG.—CAPTAIN OAKLAND.

Her image ever rose to view,
Lovely as on that day,
When, in each soft array,
Near to the vessel's side she trembling drew,
And seem'd to look a fond adieu.

No night of her forgetful past ;
Still was the vow preferr'd
Sincerely, though unheard ;
Still, while the wind sung o'er the bending mast
Her name was murmur'd to the blast ! [Exit, R.

Re-enter M'SCRAPE, L.

M'Scrape. The captain is off, I see ! Ah ! I don't wonder at his loving Miss Ellen ; every one loves her for her worthy father's sake. He always brewed with the best malt. Ah ! I remember the poor departed squire full well—nobody better. Let me consider : if he had lived till next Easter, he would have been dead just a twelvemonth. By the mother ! isn't this Captain Oakland's coxswain ?

Enter GUNNEL, with flags, R. S. E.

Gun. Yo ho ! M'Scrape !—What cheer, my lad ?

M'Scrape. What, Gunnell !—And where the devil have you been hiding yourself ?

Gun. We've been weathering many a taut gale, in beating about the Channel.

M'Scrape. Myself would rather hear you'd been beating about the French.

Gun. Shiver my timbers ! so we have, messmate. D'ye spy these colours, my tight one ? We've taken a frigate !

M'Scrape. Oh, that's glorious ! Myself, then, will carry in the colours to the squire, and tell him the news. Captain Oakland was here but a minute ago, but he was too modest to say a word about it.

Gun. Ah, M'Scrape ! before I sailed with the captain, I had devilish hard luck : I was cast away in a bit of a skiff, just off yonder head-land.

M'Scrape. Och ! it is the fate of many a poor fellow to founder near his own coast ; and the first bit of dry land he puts his foot upon, is at the bottom of the sea.

Gun. Aye ; our boat was badly manned ; there were only two of us who knew anything of the coast.

M'Scrape. I heard the same, and that one of you was drowned. Pray which was it—you, or the other lad?

Gun. Why, d—me! the other, to be sure! But you'll be careful of that same bit of bunting, for it cost us some trouble to take it.

M'Scrape. By Janus! I should like, in compliment to the captain, to fix this very ensign staff over my shop, to serve as a pole. *[Exit with the colours, R.]*

Gun. Ah, Master M'Scrape, however they may have been grumbling on shore, we have been standing after the enemy on every tack.

BALLAD.—GUNNEL.

Blue Peter at the mast-head flew,
And to the girls we bade adieu,
Weigh'd anchor, and made sail.
The boatswain blew his whistle shrill,
The reefs, shook out, began to fill,—
We caught a fav'ring gale.

And with a can of flip,
To cheer the honest tar,
Thus gaily may he trip,
Lara lar! lara lar!

We cruiz'd along the coast of France,
But not a mounseer gave us chance,—

We tried on ev'ry tack:
We drank and laugh'd, and sung together,—
We kept the sea, nor cared for weather;
'Twas all the same to Jack.

And with a can, &c.

Sometimes, while squalls have o'er us swept,
High at the mast-head watch I've kept;

We did, my lads, our best.
Still on the look-out for a rumpus,
At ev'ry corner of the compass,
The north, south, east, and west.

And with a can, &c.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—*Oakland's Parlour—table and chairs, c.*

OAKLAND and RAPINE discovered, seated.

Oak. (R.) So, Harry will soon be with us.

Rap. (L.) Having, as I said before, a payment to make
—having, as I say—

Oak. Oh, curse your payments! I sent an answer by M'Scrape that I had no money; and that ought to content you.

Rap. To say truth, it did not content me, but rather made me more dissatisfied. I don't want to stay here any longer; my name having been slandered by divers stories.

Oak. Aye, in regard to your denial of a bond for five thousand pounds due to Mrs. Woodbine, which was supposed to have been consumed when their mansion was burnt.

Rap. As I'm an honest man, the last installment of the aforesaid bond was paid to Mr. Woodbine just before he sickened. Ah! I know that family considers me in a dubious light.

Oak. No they don't: you may take it on a certainty, that they believe you to be as cursed a knave as ever filled the office of steward!

Rap. He—a hem! I declare I forget what day you fixed for the payment aforesaid.

Enter M'SCRAPE, L.

M'Scrape. Payment! Oh, by the ould one, this day is for merry-making; and don't you know, at the bank, they never do business on a holiday?

Rap. Well, but Mr. Scrape, peradventure Squire Oakland will take this matter into——

M'Scrape. No, he won't; so you may as well travel off peaceably. [*Forcing Rapine off, L.*] His palaver won't do; if he takes in myself, he'll only have another man to cheat, and that's the devil!

Enter ELLEN and LUCY, R.

Lucy. (L. c.) My brother arrived!

Ellen. (c.) Where can I fly for concealment?

Oak. (R.) You shall remain here; I'll protect you till Harry puts to sea again.

Ellen. How my heart beats!

Oak. In respect to these colours, I'll build a fort, and annually celebrate the event.

M'Scrape. Aye, aye; we'll celebrate it annually—every month.

Enter GUNNEL, L.

Gun. And serve out, on that day, a double allowance of grog.

M'Scrape. And myself will play the harp under the walls, and sing a ditty, beginning this way.

FINALE AND CHORUS.

M' Scrape. Still, still may Britain's thunder
 Make all her foes knock under ;
 And where can be the wonder,
 With Ireland at her side ?

Chorus. The harp set a ringing,
 And, ravish'd by its sound,
 We'll all unite in singing,
 And lightly trip around.

Oak. Ye belles, with smiles enchanting,
 Who set our bosoms panting,
 Assist the festive ranting,
 Dear rogues ! our country's pride.

Chorus. The harp, &c.

Ellen. Though with a sparing measure,
 As careful of the treasure,
 Fate deals to mortals pleasure,
 The gift is meant to bless.

Chorus. The harp, &c.
 [Exeunt, L.]

END OF ACT I.

 ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Oakland's House.*

OAKLAND and JEFFERY discovered.

Oak. Harry returned ! and for his good conduct promoted to the command of a frigate ! But where can he loiter ? He told me he should only visit two or three of my neighbours. Egad ! I suspect he's on a cruize, as the sailors call it, after Ellen.

Jef. [Looking off, R.] Your worship, I see his young honour coming from the water side.

Oak. Ah ! I'm sure, by that pensive walk, he has been in pursuit of Ellen ; but I have nicked him there.

Jef. She's a pretty soul, most certain. Why, I've seen your worship sometimes simper, and give her a chuck under the chin.

Oak. And if I did, it may be excuseable in me, on account of the infirmity of years ; but in a young man, with

strength to resist the temptations of beauty, nothing is to be said for it.

Jef. Catherine will detain her in the plantation, as you ordered, till the captain gets a ship-board again.

Oak. Steal sliely, however, and apprise them to keep close. Oh! I see I must manage, by means of Rapine, to get rid of the Woodbines from this part of the country.

Jef. Mum, your worship! His honour is coming.

[*Exit, L.*]

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLAND, R.

Oak. Harry, my boy! you have outstayed your time. I hope, in your visits, you did not include the Woodbines?

Capt. O. Why, sir, should they be excepted? Their change of fortune ought not to alter the regard of those who passed for their friends in prosperity.

Oak. I have told you what took place this morning between Ellen Woodbine and me, and expressed very fully my opinion; so you know the penalty of your resistance.

Capt. O. Fortune, it is true, has deserted her; but wealth, dear sir, can no more confer merit, than it can happiness; and I yet persuade myself, that in the conversation of an hour, I could satisfy you——

Oak. Stop! If I had an inclination to be convinced, half a dozen words would do; but as I have not, all the languages of Babel would be of no avail: they would only confuse each other.

Capt. O. Dear sir, we shall sail next tide; but, in the anxiety of my present feelings, allow me, before I depart, to make one appeal. Miss Woodbine, sir——

Oak. Not another word; I am fixed! Obstinacy is the privilege of old age; and, d—me! if I'll part with a grain of it, though you can with your obedience!

Capt. O. All this must be endured: the affection of Ellen, which has cheered me in many a tempest, will, I hope, sustain me still.

Oak. Are these times to be tacking about after a petticoat?—Are we not threatened with invasion?

Capt. O. Have I, sir, been remiss in my duty?

Oak. Even I am touched with new spirit. I can shoulder a musket with the best; I feel my heart primed and loaded, and, though old, zounds! I'll show you I have some fire left for the service of my country! [Exit, L.]

Capt. O. My country!—I ever felt the irresistible claim. The waves form a barrier around us; and the appearance

of an enemy would but serve us a signal for firm union among ourselves.

SONG.—CAPTAIN OAKLAND.

Should dangers e'er approach our coast,
The inbred spirit of the land
Would animate each heart, each hand,—
Would bind us in one general host!

ENGLAND!

England a world within itself shall reign,
Safe in her floating towers, her castles on the main!

Our isle's best rampart is the sea,—
The midnight march of foes it braves;
And Heaven that fenc'd us round with waves,
Ordain'd the people to be free.

ENGLAND!

England a world within itself shall reign,
Safe in her floating towers, her castles on the main!

In the word Country lies a spell;
And he who ventures to our shore
With hostile aim, shall never more
Return, of victories to tell.

ENGLAND!

England a world within itself shall reign,
Safe in her floating towers, her castles on the main!

[*Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Pleasure Grounds.*

Enter ELLEN and CATHERINE (disguised as a Sailor), C. F.

Cat. You see, ma'am, by help of this jacket and trousers, I am qualified to take charge of you.

Ellen. Why did you bring me Captain Oakland's letter, when you know I had it so earnestly at heart to seclude myself from his notice?

Cat. Because, ma'am, I couldn't make out the meaning of the French motto round the two little doves on the seal; and so——

Ellen. Trifling! You perceive with what solicitude he begs an interview?

Cat. Oh, dear! you must see him—he'll take no denial; and when men are so determined, it is in vain to refuse.

Ellen. He says, 'tis the last request with which he shall ever molest me.

Cat. Then give him a kind answer. Were I in your place, I think I should comply with whatever he might desire.

Ellen. Dear! what's become of the sailor who brought the letter?

Cat. What, Gunnel? I declare he's yonder, destroying all the rose trees! [*Calling off, c. f.*] Gunnel, what are you about?

Gunnel. [*Without.*] Yo ho! what cheer?

Enter GUNNEL, with his hand full of roses, c. f.

Cat. Return as fast as possible, and tell your captain to be at the place he mentions, and to remain there till we come.

Ellen. No; 'tis impossible! I must see his sister, and consult her.

Gun. When two opposite signals are flying, d—me! which is to be obeyed?

Cat. Miss Lucy entreats you'll go!

Ellen. Well, then——

Gun. Aye, aye, Madam Ellen, you ought to obey our captain's orders; and, avast, Kitty! be sure you respect the signal for Mr. Sterling to bring to along-side the abbey, as I want to get within hail of him.

Cat. Oh, leave me alone for that.

Ellen. Poor Mr. Sterling has always been the friend of our family.

Gun. I know he has—every plank about him is sound.

Cat. Goodness me! yonder is my master, stooping, to try the depth of the new canal.

Ellen. Heavens! how is Gunnel to get past him?

Gun. Blow me! all to leeward here! Can't spread sufficient low sail to claw off the land;—I'll beat up close on his weather-quarter, and give him a heave down.

Cat. So you can: if he tumbles in, he'll only fancy he has over-reached himself, and that's nothing uncommon with a projector.

Ellen. Stop! stop! can't you escape over the broken part of the wall?

Gun. Pretty deep, I see!

Cat. Oh, dear! the man who robbed the pinery last year, got over in that very place, and he only broke one of his legs.

Gun. Hoa, my timbers! I spy our captain in the south-west quarter! I'll soon be along-side him, and return in t'other tack.

[*Exit, c. f.*

Ellen. Yet, how inconsistent will this conduct appear! how much in contradiction to those resolutions which brought me here!

[*Exit, c. f.*

Cat. Lord! what are her troubles compared to mine? She has one sweetheart, who sometimes goes to sea, to be sure; but, dear me! I have five; and how much more ought I to be pitied? Well, by the help of the phrases I picked up from Gunnel, I hope to escape discovery. He told us to keep close hauled under the land, till we got to the abbey; and if we fall in with any of his shipmates, and they are for bearing down upon us, why, d'ye see, I'll tell them in a song I learned from one of my sweethearts.

SONG.—CATHERINE.

A Jock I am, from Shields I hail,—
 Know how to hand, can reef and steer;
 Up Swin I've work'd in many a gale,
 Kept many an anchor clear.
 Where, hank for hank, so oft I've sung,
 And cheerly to the windlass sprung.
 And aloft, or below,
 What cheer lads? ho!

A frigate, lads, is now my lot,
 A well-built sea-boat, trim and tight;
 While in the locker there's a shot,
 They'll find us ready day and night.
 We've long been masters of the deep,
 And still the weather-gage we'll keep.
 And aloft, or below,
 What cheer, lads? ho! [Exit, L.]

Enter OAKLAND, C. F.

Oak. Just here will I erect the tower, to plant the French colours on, and there shall be an English Jack flying over them, in honour of Harry—a confounded dog, to vex so good a father!

Enter M'SCRAPE, impatiently, C. F.

M'Scrape. Oh, your worship, all my customers have been axing me the reason why you had the patereros fired off.

Oak. To compliment my son, to be sure; but the devil take me if I know the least circumstance about it, more than that there was a sea-fight.

M'Scrape. Myself couldn't tell them neither. Perhaps yonder bit of a sailor knows a trifle of the matter.

Oak. I'll learn a few particulars; for I suppose a world of inquiries will be made by our friends.

M^r Scrape. Oh, you may swear that ; so it will be right to be exact.

Re-enter GUNNEL, C. F.

Gun. [*Aside—looking about.*] Let's haul our wind.—Kitty is off her station, I see.

Oak. Well, Gunnell, now you have taken a beaver, you shall tell me a little about the engagement.

M^r Scrape. Aye, my dear fellow, let us know how you peppered 'em ; and when you have finished, you shall have a sup of devilish strong grog, with not a drop of water in it except brandy.

Gun. Well, I will. Why, d'y'e see, it was blowing strong, and we were loping of it—forecastle under, in Portland Road, when a sail hove in sight in the offing, standing right over from Cherbourg. We saw with half an eye she was an enemy's cruizer, stemming right for us ; better she couldn't come ! We turned the hands up, and drew the splice off the best bower.

Oak. Best bower ! What is all this about ?

M^r Scrape. Oh, whack ! leave him to himself.

Gun. Mounseer twigg'd us ; and, not liking the cut of our gib, hove in stays—all hands make sail ! Away flew the cable, end for end ; and before you'd say peas, we had her under double reefed top-sails, and top-gallant-sails.

M^r Scrape. Well said, little Oakum !

Gun. Away we scudded ; but no sooner had we opened the bill, standing though the tail of the race, than, by the holy ! I thought she'd a'tipt all nine ! Pigs and live lumber were all afloat in the lee scuppers !

Oak. Pigs and live lumber !

M^r Scrape. Aye, aye ; get on, little one ; it's as smooth as day.

Gun. D—n the inch did we start ; but sprung our luff, gave her a Mudian's reef, bows'd in the lee-guns, and found she'd just as much canvass as she could stagger under ! The chace was a head with a clean rap full.

M^r Scrape. Oh, bravo ! Well, and what then ?

Gun. My eyes, how she walked ! licking whole green seas in at the weather chess-tree, and canting it over the lee yard-arm ! But we overhauled her, and stood well up under our canvass, while Jacky Frenchman was crabbing to it, nigh on his beam ends ; and, about seven bells, began playing at long bowls with his stern-chasers, steering d—d wild.

Oak. Seven bells and long bowls!

M^cScrape. Oh, nothing could be better;—get on, my tight fellow!

Gun. Steering d—d wild; while old Trusty, our quarter-master, as good a helmsman as ever took spoke in hand, kept Steady—Steady! D—me! he could a’run our gib-boom into a musquito’s eye!

Oak. Hey! what?

M^cScrape. Never mind the musquito’s eye! Get on, my hearty!

Gun. D—n the shot, d’ye see, did we return, till we were close on his weather-quarter. Then clapt the helm hard-a-weather, yaw’d athwart his stern, and gave her the whole dose of round and grape into his gingerbread work abaft, whilst she kept blazing away to windward.

Oak. D—me, but the fellow’s mad!

Gun. At it we went as hard as we could pelt! Never were guns better served; yet three glasses of it did she take, before she sickened.

M^cScrape. Three glasses of what, my dear soul? Oh! whisky, I suppose.

Gun. Down came her fore top-mast, and her sails took aback. To be sure, we didn’t make the most of that!—Round we came on our heel, run athwart her fore-foot, and tickled her up with the larboard tier—every shot told!

Oak. What the devil does he mean about heel and fore-foot?

M^cScrape. Something of a sort of hornpipe step, I guess.

Gun. That dose was a sickenner: her fire slackened—she filled—kept large, and would fain have off been; we twigged her drift—let run the clue garnets—ranged upon her weather-beam in pistol-shot, and gave her t’other broadside, ’twixt wind and water, hot as she could sup it.

Oak. Sup what?

M^cScrape. Oh, be eisy; ’tis as plain as an old shilling!

Gun. Blow me, it made her heel again! D—n the shot did she fire after, being close on board. Starboard! hard flew the helm! stap goes our cat-head into her gallery, with a hell of a surge! over went her mizen-mast! in dashes the boarders! clears the deck! away scud the mounseers, and down came the colours, with three hearty cheers to the honour of Old England! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

[*Exit, c. f.*]

M^cScrape. Hurrah! hurrah!

Oak. Hurrah! hurrah! I’ll join in the halloo, with all

my heart ; but, rat me ! if I understand a tittle of all that that cursed fellow has been roaring about. He might as well have gabbled over a pedigree of Welsh names.

M'Scrape. Not understand it ?

Oak. No ; so I'll be glad if you, who seem to know it so well, will give me a short explanation.

M'Scrape. Why, you must know, the ship we fought with was an enemy : better she couldn't come, for she was only in her stays ! Little Gunnel run the gib-boom into a musquito's eye, for a wager of three glasses of whisky. Steady ! steady ! And at the sign of the Seven Bells, a game of long bowls was played——

Oak. Confound me, if you know any more about it than the sailor !

M'Scrape. What, won't you hear the rest ?

Oak. No ; I'll trot off, and get beyond gun-shot reach of your sea-fight. [*Exit, c. f.*]

M'Scrape. I can't, to be sure, glib it over like Gunnel ; but I'll get a little more of the matter from Captain Oakland, when I see him presently at the abbey. Ah ! I love a ramble there, to watch the ships pass to and fro ; and in an evening like this, the sea makes so pretty a landscape ! [*Exit, c. f.*]

SCENE III.—*A Woodland.*

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLAND, ELLEN, and COXSWAIN, L.U.E.

Capt. O. Chance has been propitious in giving me this interview ; but, remember, dear Ellen, we are now near to the abbey ; and that is the place of rendezvous, where I must claim your further attention.

Ellen. I'll keep my promise, since you persist. But why is the abbey to be the spot ?

Capt. O. Because my friend Sterling has pressed me to meet him there, in a most earnest manner ; and pledged himself to reveal a business, which regards your felicity as well as mine.

Ellen. He has told me the same ; and Gunnel's equal solicitude on the subject, I confess, has created in my mind some degree of interest.

Capt. O. Coxswain, see to the boat being ready at the place appointed.

Cox. Yes, your honour.

Ellen. I know not how it is, but the sweet objects which surround the abbey always fill me with pensive delight.

Capt. O. A genuine mind, my Ellen, is ever touched by the pure beauties of nature.

GLEE.—CAPTAIN OAKLAND, ELLEN, and COXSWAIN.

That beach, which the wild billows lave,
How pleasant to wander along!
While the shrill curlew, breasting a wave,
Breaths forth to the deep her wild song.

The course of the far-distant sail,
Till shapeless, and lost to the light,
And the homeward-bound mariner's hail,
Impart to the bosom delight. [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE IV.—*Netley Abbey.*

Enter OAKLAND, L.

Oak. So, I find all that Jeffrey told me turns out too true. [*Looking off, R.*] Yonder is Ellen, and Harry just parting from her. What an undutiful dog, after what I said! D—me! but I'll cut him off with a couple of sixpences, and one of them shall be a bad one! I'll conceal myself, and listen to what is going on between Ellen and this young sailor—here they come. [*Retires up, L.*]

Enter ELLEN and CATHERINE, (in a sailor's dress), R.

Cat. I only want half a dozen dammes, and a tobacco-box, to be complete. [*Looking about.*] Smite my cross-trees! we're all aback here.

Ellen. The approaching interview with Captain Oakland depresses me so much, I have not spirits to relish your vivacity.

Cat. What cheer? don't fall to leeward. The captain will perceive that you have some confidence in trousers, by taking me as your convoy.

Ellen. And is not that natural? The tars of Old England will be the protectors of women for ever.

Oak. [*To Catherine—coming forward.*] Oh, you metamorphosed devil! [*To Ellen.*] And you, too, Madam Sentiment, have I caught you in the fact?

Ellen. Sir, your reprehension does not reach me. The purity of my intention turns it aside.

Oak. Indeed! What am I to conclude from your attending this assignation, after your seeming candour of this morning?

Ellen. Do not suppose, sir, I appealed to you with a heart untouched by agitation: I ever possessed a sense of Captain Oakland's worth, and a reverse of fortune taught me to feel my own demerits.

Cat. [*Aside, going.*] Egad! I'll sheer off, and tow in Miss Lucy. [*Erit, R.*]

Oak. [*Looking after Catherine.*] Zounds! if I was a captain of man-of-war, I'd tie you up the gangway, and give you a dozen!

Ellen. Some explanation is due from me to Captain Oakland: I am happy you are to witness our meeting; your presence will give an earnestness to my purpose, of bidding him adieu for ever!

Enter LUCY, R.

Lucy. My amiable friend!

Oak. Ha! I have another to contend with!

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLAND, L.

Capt. O. Ellen, my love, what has led to this distress? My dear father——

Oak. Do, pray, depart, and leave the poor girl to my care.

Ellen. Yes, it becomes me to relinquish those dreams of happiness, which the flattery of affluence once pictured.

Capt. O. What can this mean? My heart took the impression like ore when melted; and the chill of adversity will but assist to preserve the sentiment and image.

[*Advances towards Ellen.*]

Oak. Keep off, I beg! — No squeezing, pressing of hands, and all that. I always found, when I was a young fellow, those practices to do great mischief among the girls. [*Looking off, L.*] Hey! what the devil brings my neighbour Sterling here?

Enter MR. STERLING and GUNNEL, L.

Ste. Though I disturb this meeting, I must claim attention to this honest seaman's story.

Enter M'SCRAPE, R., followed by CATHERINE.

Oak. Oh, pooh! I've heard the same thing already.—Something about "lee scuppers." Haven't we, M'Scrape?

M'Scrape. Yes, we have, sure enough, word for word; but we may as well have it over again, to see if there's any difference. [*To Gunnel.*] Get on, my hearty!

Ste. Psha!—This is a matter that occurred just before Gunnell entered to serve with Captain Oakland, and which he had no means of relating till he came this morning on shore.

Gun. Right; I belonged to a smack at the time—I had just engaged to her. One dark night we stood for this abbey; but a gale coming on, drove us on a bank. My two shipmates, (for there were but three of us) seeing the danger, were touched a little by their consciences, and confessed they had, sometime before, plundered the mansion of poor Mrs. Woodbine, and afterwards set it on fire, to prevent detection.

Ste. What he relates you may credit. By Gunnell's means the booty has been traced out, hid in the recesses of Netley Abbey;—the skiff was proceeding to convey it away, when the storm came on, and averted their design.

Oak. Those are India bonds and exchequer bills, if I mistake not?

Ste. They are, and form a part of Miss Woodbine's recovered fortune.

Ellen. Merciful Heaven! this event will give an evening of felicity to my mother's life!

Gun. D—me! what's a seaman, when foundering, if he has not a good conscience? Honesty will always weather it. My companions went down—I was picked up!

M^r Scrape. By the saints! I spy the very bond for five thousand pounds, which that nagar, Rapine, swore he had paid!

Gun. Oh, confound that Rapine!—Were I to set him afloat, it should be in a sieve, with a forty-two pounder in each pocket, by way of ballast!

Ellen. This wonderful disclosure quite subdues my spirits. Lucy, give me your hand.

Capt. O. My lovely Ellen!

Oak. Harry, you dog! assist Miss Woodbine;—don't crowd about the dear creature—let her have air! [*Aside.*] Hum!—Exchequer bills, four thousand pounds!—Hum! Three India bonds, two thousand pounds each!—Nobody can tell her worth—a precious creature!

Capt. O. My dearest girl revives!

Ellen. The speediest explanation will be best for us all; and lifted as I am to sudden fortune, I tender my hand to him, who asked not for wealth to give it value.

Capt. O. Every blessing reward this goodness!

Oak. Lord! from the first it was determined by Provi-

dence that the young couple should be united: the family estates have been joined together all along.

Gun. [*Looking off.*] Ah, here come some of my mess-mates, with a part of the booty—'tis all secured.

Enter Sailors, with plate and chests, L. U. E.

M'Scrape. Oh, Gunnel! you are an honest fellow. For your sake, I'll drink success to the navy, by sea and land!

FINALE.

Capt. O. To mirth—oh, to mirth, let us join in full chorus;

And may no ill omen this night hover o'er us!

Ye beauties around us that cluster,

So apt to distress—

So ready to bless,

Your eyes beam on life its best lustre.

To mirth, &c.

M'Scrape & Gun. This hour take to heart no more sorrow,

Than may with the heel

Be kick'd off in a reel,

And quite out of mind by to-morrow.

To mirth, &c.

Oak. & Jef. We can be but a short space together;

Yet while the sun's bright,

We will bask in his light,

As cheerful as birds in full feather.

To mirth, &c.

Ellen & Lucy. To mirth all unite in full chorus;

And, though night steals away,

He must leave behind day,

And may not a cloud lay before us!

To mirth, &c.

Chorus. To mirth—oh, to mirth, let us join in full chorus,

And may no ill-omen this night hover o'er us!

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Sailors.

Sailors.

CATH. M'SCRAPE. CAP. O. ELLEN. OAK. LUCY. GUN. STER.
R.] [L.

THE END.

